Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, May 31, 1917 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The spring is late; and yet the leaf-buds press
  Their green against this chill environment
  With slow persistency and sure intent,
Till tree by tree gains faint suggestiveness
Of foliage to come. With such brave stress
  Life makes its way against all forces bent
  To keep it latent; each great good, long pent,
Meets ill conditions—squalor, wretchedness,
  Dull ignorance, or keen-edged knavery—
And pushes back what seems the universe,
  To claim a blessing for mankind; then see!
Dark evils run and swift disperse,
  When at the last God's purpose wins its way,
  As sunshine, birds and bloom possess the May.

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 211
A Human Hermit-Thrush 212

CONTRIBUTED—
Jane Lloyd Jones 214
Mary Stebbins Savage.—HARRIET LAKE-BURCH. 215
Inter-America.—CHESTER LLOYD JONES 219
Yet Not Alone!—SMITH BAKER, M. D. 219
A Call for Statesmanship.—LUCIA AMES MEAD.. 220

SELECTED—
"The World's Greatest Heresy."—*Rabbi Abraham* 221

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of Christianity Into Universal Religion. XVII. John Murray, Hosea Ballou, Elias Hicks, Lucretia Mott 221

POETRY—
The Patriot.—MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE 211

THE FIELD—
New York Clergymen Petition 223
Confirmation Class Alumni.—H. J. 223

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

TELEPHONES
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

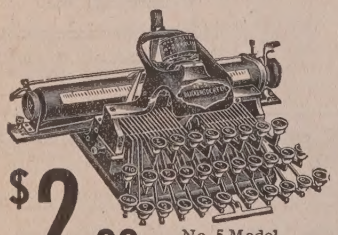
FINE GROCERIES
and
MEATS

FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

TYPEWRITER SAMPLES



$2.00 No. 5 Model
Balance $10.00 on delivery. Just a few of these $40.00 machines on hand, while they last at $12.00. These machines are thoroughly guaranteed in every respect. Pin a $2.00 bill to your letter and send in TODAY.

Blickensderfer Mfg. Co.
107 N. Dearborn St. . Chicago

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

BUY AT HOME
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Avenue

Carry a Complete line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of Charge

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 115
Automatic 73-096

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES
Everything in HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIX THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1917. Number 14.

THE PATRIOT.

He who, amid dissent of many minds
Can still possess his soul in quietness,
And reach his final thought despite all stress;
Who lifts his eyes from broken hopes and finds
His visions waiting still; whose patience binds
His deeds into the ends he deems will bless;
Who keeps his faith in God, and none the less
His faith in men; whose rights are all mankind's;
Whose courage meets the dangers of great power
And wields it as a means entrusted him;
Who, rising, fronts the duty of the hour
Backed by its threatened consequences dim;
Lo, who can do these simple, hard, high things,
For him the cry of "Patriot! Patriot!" rings.

Mary Stebbins Savage.

The work of Harry F. Ward, secretary of the Methodist Board of Social Service, 72 Mt. Vernon street, Boston, Mass., is always worth while and his bulletin recently issued on the "Sources of Information Concerning the Conservation Work at Home and in War Time," is a valuable reference list concerning "Protection for children, for women, for wage earners, for men in military camps," and other announcements of general programs. Preachers can secure this little guide book of valuable information on important subjects by sending a two-cent stamp.

The spring issue of the Audubon Bulletin published by the Illinois Audubon Society of which Mrs. Frederick Pattee, 2634 Prairie avenue, Evanston, Ill., is secretary, is a publication of sixty-eight pages, delightful to the eye, informing to the mind and clarifying to the heart because the birds crowd its pages. Here are pictures, story and technical information, gratifying to the informed and stimulating to those who "have eyes but see not and ears but hear not." There is no "awful war" in Bird Land and the orchards in which they gather have no gruesome trenches bristling with cannon. This bulletin is worth asking for.

"Living Men" is the title of a new little monthly. Number 1 of Volume 1 is before us. It is edited and published by John Nicholas Beffel at 2060 North Clark street, Chicago. It promises to be a one-man power for it is to be mostly written by the editor and he proposes to speak "for the far scattered clan of humans who resent being ruled by dead hands and disintegrated brains." Its members are everywhere. . . . even in the churches. In this issue he thinks that—

It took far more courage for Miss Rankin to vote against war than it did for any of the men on the other side to vote for armed conflict. The newspapers made much of the Montana congresswoman's "sob," but quite neglected to say that Congressman Claude Kitchin wept a large part of that momentous afternoon, that Senator La Follette cried while speaking, and that many men in both houses broke down while the war resolution was being considered.

A minister of an orthodox church in a metropolitan city writes to the Editor of Unity:

A heartbroken preacher writes you. Have you abandoned your position on the unrighteousness of war? Do you bow to the War God—or do you stand by the principles as wonderfully given in the little book "Love for Battle Torn Peoples"? I have preached that message steadily, faithfully. Must I stop now and confess that I was only partly right, but mostly wrong? If I do I must quit the pulpit. What do you do? Have you a word for a man broken in spirit over this war madness?

Yes, Brother, we still stand by the white bordered flag, the stars and stripes indicating our loyalty to the United States, the white border our love for all other countries, the ultimate commentary and interpretation of the "Stars and Stripes." Democracy and War are incompatible. Aristocracy and Crowns may rest on cannon and bayonet, but a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," must rest on the ballot. Don't give up your pastorate unless you are forced to do it. Endure the humiliation that the gospel of your Christ calls for. Patiently endure and seek to win, if need be, through crucifixion. The hearts that are broken by war will be healed by peace.

May 31st was Walt Whitman's birthday, and it was celebrated in Chicago at the City Club building by a brilliant program at which Reverend Walt MacPhearson, Edgar Lee Masters, Thomas B. Harned, Jr., Henry Eduard Legler, Dr. Preston Bradley, Llewellyn Jones, Carl Sandburg and Clarence Darrow were announced to speak. A brief introduction to each of these speakers was published before hand. Here the Law, the Gospel, the Poet, the Musician and the Newspaper men and women were represented. Slowly but surely Walt Whitman is coming to his place among the major poets of America. He first pleases cranks and then, if they permit him full scope, he lifts the same cranks out of their crankiness.

We gladly pick up from their bulletin the following lines:

When the psalm sings instead of the singer,
When the script preaches instead of the preacher,
When the pulpit descends and goes instead of the carver that carved the supporting desk,
When I can touch the body of books by night or by day, and they touch my body back again,
When a university course convinces like a slumbering woman and child convince,

When the minted gold in the vault smiles like the night-watchman's daughter—
When warrantee deeds loaf in chairs, opposite are my friendly companions,
I intend to reach them my hand and make as much of them as I do of men and women like you.

The Chicago pulpit is not without its belligerents. Last Sunday Bishop Fallows and Dr. Gunsaulus led the charge against the meddlesome "pacifists," who were to hold a great meeting in the Auditorium on Sunday afternoon. Both of them hurled insinuations at these people on the assumption that they were moral "delinquents." The militant bishop, who wears a cross of gold around his neck, still has a sword of steel for his belt, revived the offensive names of half a century ago, such as "copperheads," "well nigh traitors," etc., etc. And the great preacher of the Auditorium grew indignant over the "base profanation" of the theatre building of very promiscuous utility, and promised to fumigate the building before further occupancy by his stainless congregation and his gospelful ministry. Who were the people that were guilty of this profanation? A Dean of the Chicago University, a Chicago pastor, a man whom the socialists honor and who in turn honors socialism, a son of an ex-member of the cabinet and graduate of Harvard, prominent citizens from all walks of life, anxious men and women, praying and practicing Christians, tax-paying and law-abiding citizens—these packed every available seat, over 4,000 of them, and the doors had to be closed in the face of perhaps another 1,000 who retired for a peaceable overflow meeting in the park until it was interfered with by a newspaper man and the police force. We honor these militant preachers by believing them sincere and well meaning in their belligerency, but we humbly suggest that perhaps they might give to the despicable "pacifists" the benediction which their "Lord and Master" gave to the military on Calvary, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!"

"A Human Hermit Thrush"

In our issue of April 6, 1916, we printed, under the above title, an appreciation of one of the UNITY singers who, during the editor's absence in Europe on the much discredited but still, to our mind, very potent Ford Peace Expedition, had quietly slipped away out of the world she greatly loved and mystically understood. In that inadequate notice, necessarily brief and hurried, we said, "Perhaps some day we may be able to print a Mary Stebbins Savage Memorial number in which some of her songs will be resung." That hope has never been forgotten but the pressure of nearer things and the ungracious clamor of less permanent voices kept the purpose still unrealized.

Some time after the printing of our notice we received from the hands of the devoted daughter a marvelous scrap-book containing scores, perhaps hundreds, of poems, nearly all of them clipped from the current press, carefully arranged; page after page of these poems printed some of them on the cheap paper of the daily and weekly press, many, very many of them printed in the familiar type and on the familiar paper of UNITY. This scrap-book was a delight and a surprise to the Editor of UNITY, for notwithstanding his intimate acqauintance with this Human Thrush through all her creative years, he was unprepared to receive this evidence of the marvelous fertility of this busy farmer's wife who kept her home largely with her own hands and led her children, five of them in all, from the cradle through the barnyard to the university campus by the diligence of her own hands. She not only cooked, sewed, fitted for them but helped them with their spelling and writing lessons and companioned them in their more advanced studies.

The quantity surprised us; none the less surprising was the quality. For when these simple songs that gushed out of her heart literally between duties and by the way, were massed together, the real poet stood before us as never before. How insistent were the melodies, the radiance of field and forest of garden and roadside were reflected in these poems. But quite as persistent was the voice of the spirit tuned to the diviner harmonies of truth, righteousness and love. Studying these poems in their aggregate it comes to us as a revelation that unawares we had known an unrecognized little Madame Guyon who lived and sang on a Wisconsin farm, the devoutness of the liberal faith. She was susceptible to divine things, was vibrant with heaven.

The scrap-book brought also a sense of guilt for we half suspect that her devotion to UNITY and the cause it represents, to whose columns she promptly brought the dear children of her head and heart, had imprisoned her gifts. These delicate poems were in a sense buried in the obscurity of a little paper devoted to an unpopular cause. If Mrs. Savage could have overcome her modesty, escaped from her partiality for UNITY, we must believe her poems would have reached a wider constituency and a far more profitable publication.

Knowing our own limitations of time and talent we delegated the task of noticing these poems in the pages of UNITY to our friend and correspondent, Harriet Lake-Burch of Bloomington, Ill. She has discharged well her task considering the limitations of space and we are glad to offer the results of her labors in this week's issue, with no apologies for tardiness. The poets can wait, they are not for the hour or the day, nor for the year, but for life and some of them for eternity. The high and dear little Mrs. Savage has

found in Mrs. Burch, who never saw her, a sympathetic sister poet. She writes:

I must thank you for an unusual pleasure in having these manuscripts, and I may believe you will understand when I say that I am loth to return them. I have worked lovingly with a strange consciousness of the spirit presence of her, though I had never met her. It is a unique experience, quite as real to me as matter.

For the sake of making this very inadequate memorial as satisfactory as possible to the many friends who loved her, we reprint below the notice of her which appeared in the issue of UNITY mentioned above, believing that the song of the Hermit Thrush will be heard the more clearly by the reader for these added songs.

We are sure our readers will share with us and the editor of these poems, a regret over the inevitable vivisection of many poems which must here be offered in fragments instead of in their artistic completeness, for Mrs. Savage combined to a notable degree the artist and the prophet; her lines sing as well as thrill. Mrs. Burch asks, "What am I to do now with the precious scrap-book?" Of course it will be returned to the loving hands of the daughter who compiled it and probably to rest in that sacred obscurity.

Mrs. Savage just failed of making a place for herself among the contemporary poets who were perhaps never so numerous or so fertile as now and perhaps the missing was the result of lack of funds or push rather than lack of ability. This collection printed entire would make a dear volume that would surely win a favorite place on many a home table and to a few choice souls be the *vade mecum* "go with me" volume, that the old saints used to delight in. But it takes money to publish a volume and it is quite clear that such a volume would scarcely pay for its publication. It would never reach a place among the "best sellers."

(From UNITY of April 6th, 1916.)

During the absence of the Senior Editor in Europe there slipped away into the unseen an old-time friend, an early and continuous contributor to UNITY, whose quiet life frequently overflowed into songs that soothed the heart. Many of them, if not most of them, were permitted to first see light and, what is better, to find human hearts, in and through the columns of UNITY.

Mrs. Mary Stebbins Savage, or, as she was more familiarly known, Minnie Stebbins Savage, was indeed a hermit thrush singing her clear songs in the obscurity of the thicket, perhaps reaching her sweetest notes in the rain. Few of those who heard the song, ever saw the singer, or seeing could suspect her to be the source of the music, so shy, so demure, so painfully modest was she.

A farmer's daughter, a country school teacher, a busy farmer's wife, a diligent home maker, a faithful mother and grandmother was she. She belonged to the "Cooksville group" of friends who used to welcome the Editor of UNITY in the Janesville days so long ago, after his fifteen-mile ride across the country on Sunday afternoons, in the village schoolhouse, built on the little village square, an hour's ride from the nearest railway station. Then there came the life at Madison, Wisconsin, that the children might enjoy the university, and lastly she followed the daughter and sons to far off Boise, Idaho, the daughter of pioneers, herself a pioneer of the spirit.

She was one of the minor poets sojourning on the border lines of mastership. She was almost a poet who would command the attention of publishers. It has always been our hope to see her little sheaf of verse worthily bound and made accessible to the reading world. Now that she has gone this may never happen. Be that as it may, her notes touched with sweet simplicity, oftentimes pitched in the minor key, have ministered to many. UNITY has printed but few poems that went farther in the way of reprint recognition than her song to the Whip-poor-will, published many years ago. It was picked up by our London exchanges and it commanded, as we remember, the hearty appreciation of John W. Chadwick, who eagerly asked, "Who is the author? Cannot you get some more like that?"

Perhaps some day we may be able to print a Mary Stebbins Memorial Number, in which some of her songs will be resung. Be that as it may, we are glad to print the following lines sent us by her Madison pastor, Rev. F. A. Gilmore. They were written of the little Unitarian Church in that city and printed in UNITY under the *nom de plume* of "Marion Lisle," behind which for a while, with characteristic modesty, she concealed her identity. We can hardly realize that this dear life, which we were permitted to watch from girlhood to her gray hairs, has slipped away without saying "Good-bye" and without our more timely hale and farewell!

THIS LITTLE CHURCH WE LOVE.

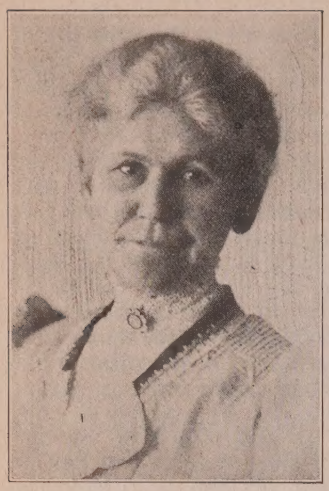
It stands for truth; the truth of God
  Set forth in rock and flower,
Voiced by the sea, pushed from the sod,
  On-pressing every hour;
It stands for truth slow-filtered through
  The ages of the past;
For truth that dawn-like breaks to view
  O'er reaches dim and vast,
This little church we love.

It stands for faith in God and life,
  In nature and in man;
For faith in high and holy strife
  'Gainst error, bond or ban;
It stands for faith in dreams that lift,
  And deeds that help the race,
For faith in life beyond the rift,
  That haloes every face,
This little church we love.

It stands for love; the love of all
  Above, below, beside;
The love that knows nor great nor small,
  But only one whole, wide
As is God's universe; it stands
  For God's love, tenderest good,
And brave Christ-love that slowly bands
  All man in brotherhood,—
This little church we love.

It stands for joyous fellowship,
  For uplift, comfort, cheer,
For widening thought, for better grip
  Of duty far or near;
It stands for all that's best in us
  Wherever we may roam;
We deem it consecrated thus,
  And christen it "our home,"
—This little church we love.

—*Marion Lisle.*



"Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done;
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate;
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the dear ones wait."

Jane Lloyd Jones

What a strenuous life was that which closed its earthly career last week at Hillside, Wis. Hundreds of young men and women all over the country who look back with joy and gratitude to their experience at the Hillside Home School will grieve over the news of the death of "Aunt Jenny," one of the two sisters who established the school, and maintained its unique and successful career for twenty-eight years.

But the story of this home farm school is only one chapter in the longer story of these sixty-nine striving years. Born in the log house in Ixonia, Wis., she was a country school teacher at sixteen. Pleasant Ridge, Mill Creek, Upper and Lower Wyoming, Jonesdale, and Dodge Valley, are some of the district school centers where gray-haired men and women now remember her as a young teacher. This country school teaching was punctured by terms of training at the Albion Academy, Jefferson Liberal Institute and Spring Green Academy, then followed the heroic three years' course at the Platteville State Normal School, where the sisters boarded themselves with supplies from home, with all the self-denial and over work incident to such an education.

Then began the teaching in city schools: Richland Center, Lancaster, Janesville, Sheboygan and Eau Claire. At all of these places Aunt Jenny remained long enough to make lasting friends and to leave behind her a record written in the hearts of grateful pupils. These years culminated in another interruption. In the tide of her success she broke off with work and was one of the three students in Miss Blow's Kindergarten Training School in St. Louis; two rich years were spent there. Then she became herself a trainer of kindergarteners, first in connection with the St. Paul high school system and then as a member of the faculty of the Oshkosh State Normal School.

All this was but preliminary to the life work at the old homestead. The Hillside Home School came into being and for twenty-eight years occupied a unique place among educational institutions. The graduates of this school found easy admittance into all the State universities of the middle west and the eastern colleges for women.

It cannot be said that the work of Jane Lloyd Jones was rounded out, completed. She did not leave her work; her work left her still full of ambition, of eagerness to learn and readiness to do. Whatever the commercial vicissitudes of the Hillside Home School may have been it is no surprise that it met the experience common to most private schools, its life was limited by the life of the founders. That it was a great pedagogical success, a beautiful extension to grateful fathers and mothers, a blessed episode in the lives of hundreds of city boys and girls is admitted by all those acquainted with its career.

The bars of fate closed grimly round this tireless spirit. Some years ago the writer remembers the sad greeting on his return to his vacation home at Tower Hill, "I cannot hear the birds any more." But she could see them and she cultivated their acquaintance, was familiar with all of them to the end. The last winter was spent in the city of Chicago in rooms adjacent to the Lincoln Centre, but the privileges of the city heretofore denied her were forbidden now by her growing deafness.

But to the end she was planning for more work. She had the historian's instinct. She was the story teller and story gatherer of the family, and she purposed to give form to the lore of the log house home and the country school house.

In the midst of her plans, battling still with hard circumstances, she rested from her labors. The parting words were spoken in the presence of a large throng of tearful neighbors by her brother, the Editor of UNITY, in the little Unity Chapel at Hillside, at the close of which the children, many of them her grand nephews and nieces, showered the grave with spring violets.

There is still something coming to Jane Lloyd Jones. The books are not balanced at death; the universe owes something more to that dauntless spirit and in some way the auditor of life will see to it that the books are accurately posted. The items beyond the reach of earthly accounting will all be brought in, the young hearts warmed, the youthful minds quickened, all the ideals awakened, for "Aunt Jenny" was an idealist, she believed in the unattained and inspired others to join her in a tireless quest for the unrealized. When this final accounting is made the logic and

The Hillside Home School

promise of her favorite poem which was read by her coffin side, will be justified, Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," will be made good.

And now there only remains "Aunt Nell," the other member of the Hillside Home School proprietorship. Frail, very frail, very lonely but serenely waiting and still loyal to the dream, pursuing the gleam alone which was so long followed by the twain.

Mary Stebbins Savage

1850-1915

I have not looked upon her face
Nor touched her hand—
I only know the spirit-grace
And understand.

—H. L. B.

A little memorial for "One whose life was more inspiring than poems"

My song and my soul are one, today.

IN LINE

Across the whitened fields below
When birds call "sweet" and "sweet,"
See piercing through the last light snow
The lances of the wheat.

This bit of tapestry is vibrant with the tributes of many friends. It has line and color and form from those who knew and loved her. We have no thought of considering these song-offerings in the light of criticism, and whatever word of introduction is used is mellow with admiration for "the Hermit Thrush who poured forth her song in her own forest out of the fulness of her soul":

Then each golden hour is a precious boon
And the song of the thrush is understood
As it ripples late in the afternoon
From the sun-crowned top of the cottonwood.
To the little nest that is far below
Fall the liquid notes of that evening hymn;
Not a sweeter place does the singer know
Than the tiny home in the shadows dim,

* * * *

As the thrush sings late in the afternoon
From the sun-crowned top of the cottonwood.

Rarely do we find the soul of the dreamer environed with the common round of daily toil through many years with so unsullied reverence for everything in God's universe. She had the heart of a trusting child and a full-grown soul throughout her life. Here is the secret of her fine poise and purpose, she found her "Soul's Own" right at hand. Is it not the mission of Art to so reveal itself?

"She was keenly alive to the divine significance of the fleeting and the transitory, and the divine messages so interpreted, fed and sustained her in the trials of life."

My song and my soul are one, today;
Tomorrow my song is flown;
Or out of its reach, if it should stay,
My pressing soul has grown.

and

O, to clasp this pure escaping Happiness!

and

One fiat of the universe is change.

To her no day was common; no wayside flower failed to catch her appreciative glance:

My dream of Patmos centers here
In velvet green beneath my feet.

and

There in the fields where miracles are
Is the push of growing wheat.

again

Our late catalpa's fragile flower
'Neath foliage in cool retreat,
Sways through this calm exalted hour
A mystic o'er the common street.

There are little baptisms and benedictions everywhere in her verse, which indicate her attitude of spirit toward Nature as a divine manifestation:

Each bud unfolding to the light
God makes a resurrection flower.

and

Through all the universe it runs,
This vital wakening touch of God.

and

And chaos hath its tenderness.

The Whip-Poor-Will (1885) published in UNITY, was picked up by London exchanges and commanded hearty appreciation.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

Sent to reach the heart of folly
O'er the hill
Faintly calls the melancholy
Whip-poor-will.

Like the touch of cruel fingers
Sweeps again
O'er the heart this song that lingers
Long in pain.

What can be the hidden meaning
So complete
Of the brooding twilight, leaning
Low and sweet?

What the vow but just debarring
Heart from joy?
What the factor love's hour marring
With alloy?

O, to clasp this pure escaping
Happiness!
O, to pray the softly draping
Skies to bless!

But to see the light, ne'er guessing
That the star
Through the depths of violet pressing
Is so far!

Not to know such joy is given
For the few
Who have walked in tears and striven
To be true!

All may reach this bliss deferring:
First to pain
Must each soul, God's will preferring
Turn again.

Still unto the heart of folly
O'er the hill
Faintly calls the melancholy
Whip-poor-will.

"The Stebbins home where Mrs. Savage was born, was built of stone and was almost palatial in type. On the third floor was a ballroom where on many festive occasions the brilliancy and culture of the New England settlers gathered from country round to make merry, in those easly Wisconsin days. Her Steinway piano was one of the first brought to the country. There were hills and groves on this farm and one entered the grounds through a long avenue with overhanging trees. It was here Mary Stebbins grew to womanhood and from this home she was married."

WINDERMERE.

Limestone, tinted soft and mellow,
Yellow-white or bleaching yellow,
  Are the walls of Windermere;
From its blackened chimney breathing,
Calmly lifts its smoke up-wreathing
  Through this genial atmosphere.

* * *

Each sequestered haunt rejoices
In a wealth of youthful voices
  Passed but never wholly lost;
Still they cling in woodland bowers,
Still they mingle with the flowers
  That the prairie wind hath tossed.

* * *

Mid advancing and receding
Destinies, and never heeding,
  Broods the homestead free from strife;
Like a shell beside the ocean
Echoing the vast emotion
  And the mystery of life.

Yesterday was joy; and sorrow
Comes today; farewell tomorrow;
  All man's history is here,
With the later sunshine falling
And a voice God's blessing calling
  On the roofs of Windermere.
1882.

"Centennial year she was married to Edwin P. Savage, a most genial, kindly, lovable man, and they went on a trip to Philadelphia. Three sons and a daughter were born to them, a son dying in infancy. 'A farmer's daughter, a country school teacher, a busy farmer's wife, a dilligent home-maker, a faithful mother and grandmother was she.' Her kindly sympathy went out to the rural life about her and with the ever-ready hand and the illuminating word, she was a constant uplift to the community." She was *poet laureate* of the Home Comings of the old settlers for many years, and every June her heart spoke its message to the old friends and neighbors assembled at Palmyra, Wisconsin; if she could not be present friends read her lines for her and they are part of the history of the splendid pioneers of that great state.

As time went by they moved from the farm to Madison that the children might have University training. One of her friends says, "she was a lovely mother, and in all her family you feel her beautiful spirit." The world is richer that by her strength of character, no personal ambition lured her from the place she occupied so flawlessly as wife and friend and mother. She had her dreams, she loved music, composed a little, was tender and friendly, kept abreast of the progress of the times, and withal was balanced in her ideals.

Her contributions covered a long period, dating almost from the founding of UNITY and continuing till she slipped quietly into the Unseen, a little more than a year ago while her lifelong friend, the senior Editor of UNITY, was on the Peace Ship sojourning in another land. On his return he said: "We can scarcely realize that this dear life which we were permitted to watch from girlhood to gray hairs, has slipped away without saying 'Good-bye,' and without our more timely 'Hail and Farewell!'" In her own words to a friend

Love will not let
The hearts that knew her loveliness, forget;
And she will go love-crowned unto the end.

TRANSMIGRATION.

Dear, fragrant ashes heaping 'neath my hand,
  Can you forget that you have been a rose?
God's impress rested on you; He had planned
  The beauty it was yours to disclose;
What once the Great Seal touches—does it hold
That touch for aye, its richness to infold?

Beloved, I am wondering if a cell
  Could tarry with your spirit year by year,
And love it not, or loving, miss the spell
  Of that it loved, adrift in any sphere;
The "choir invisible" we join may reach
Yet finer harmonies than we dare teach.

One fiat of the universe is change;
  Might not a grateful spirit recompense
The dust it scatters free to rearrange
  With heightened impetus toward sentience?
Conceive an atom climbing unto soul;
Hath not our God breathed life into the whole?

O Comrade! All things seem more precious now
  Since you have wrapped you in the Vast Unknown;
Perhaps we are but softly learning how
  The transmigration of the soul has grown
To mean an influence radiating far,
Yet thralling not its freed initial star.

EASTER and THE PATH THROUGH THE SAGEBRUSH.

Two of her late poems command attention. One has the sweep of Infinitude and the other is as concrete and vivid as a framed Remington. And while her lines entitled EASTER carry the soul farther, THE PATH THROUGH THE SAGEBRUSH has perhaps the most complete expression, finished and well-nigh without flaw, of anything she has done. It has the charm and strength of the actual; a vivid solitary thing whose arid waste partakes of the wanton luxury of Nature left at some stage of evolution. I can think of no better scene-painting in literature than this easy, simple putting of unattractive barrenness which she has glorified with a soul.

THE PATH THROUGH THE SAGEBRUSH.

You do not know the sagebrush, and the hills?
The heaped and hollowed sand that frets the sky
With barren front? The river-beds gone dry
At ever lower levels? Waste that fills
The ragged space between? And ruthless heat
That makes the thin air quiver, and retreat?

You do not know the clumped growth interknit
With burning sand? The Ishmael plant, so lean
It sucks volcanic ash for ashen green?
You have not caught the pungent breath of it?
You have not felt the strange, compelling stress
Of this persistent, haunting loneliness?

The wind is here; the great sun and the stars
Drop their impartial charity of light
On this wild place, with captivating flight
Of many-tinted shadows o'er the scars
That mark the tragic changes of a past
Lost in the early dawn of things, at last.

There is no sign of man, except a path
That enters at the east, and passes west
Until the sky-line cuts it from the rest.
What lies beyond may copy what eye hath
Of this supremely desolated land,
With one small, green oasis, cupped in sand.

Behold the path is empty, sky to sky;
The hills lift into mountains, drop to hills;
The sagebrush clumps and scatters where it wills;
No hint of destination greets the eye;
We only know the realm of man is near
Because this thread of beaten sand is here.
1912.

"The very first line has such marvelous perspective—is so elemental and out-of-doors—so big a thing and splendidly expressed."

EASTER

The years drift over Cavalry like rain;
Yet still the vision of the Christ is there,
As constant as the stars, and wondrous fair;
But on the war-vexed sea and gory plain
Behold again the sweet Christ-spirit slain,
Rejected as of old, and crucified,
The brutal spear of hate thrust through its side,
And underneath a dark and shameful stain.

Lo, every year of all the drift has brought
Its nature miracles with promise fraught,
Its hope of immortality reborn;
But now we wait a widened Easter Morn:
God's sure recurrent grace in His Great Plan,
The resurrection of the Christ in man.

Many years ago when our beloved hymn writer, F. L. Hosmer, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones were en route to Europe, Mr. Jones showed him a manuscript, the first one Mary Stebbins Savage submitted to UNITY, and together they decided to publish the lines, which began:

What a charm
Does this calm and holy sunshine
Give the farm!

Along about this time another of our hymn writers, the devout and devoted J. V. Blake, wrote the following lines on the occasion of meeting Mrs. Savage:

We met: few words: at last
I said, The time is past,
Good-bye. Then laid she in my hand her hand.
It was as rugged as a cable strand,
Firm, forcible and strong,
And labor hardened long.

A shock of song that touch
Shot through me: O, not such
As her sweet lines had breathed on me before;
A martial lay of strength that strode me o'er;
An epic, and no less,
Of simple faithfulness.

Poems sweet, tender, rare,
As delicate and spare
As tendrils, beautiful and blithe and bright,
Ye cannot equal in your wildest flight,
With powers of sea and land
The poem of that hand.

J. V. BLAKE.

It seems appropriate here to give a very satisfying hymn-poem from her pen during the last year of her life. It is adapted to our modern hymnology in both thought and construction and can be sung to any long meter tunes, such as Hebron, Ward, etc. This new hymn should find ready acceptance and use:

THE IMPLIED FAITH

God is not helpless in a place
Where none have heard of Christ or creed,
For life itself can fill with grace
Of heavenly love, a human deed.

I dare to think a dream of good
Is native unto all mankind,
And that the call to brotherhood
Comes home to us on every wind.

Put by the poor idolatry
Of cunning scheme and tyrant might;
His is the crowning heresy
Who doubts the majesty of right.
1915.

Following is a group of unpublished War Poems, which indicate the suffering sympathy which has become so intensified since she too

Has wrapped her in the Vast Unknown.

They were written miscellaneously during the earlier stage of the present war:

Where is the youth of Europe,
Mothers of Men?
When will these stricken races
Flower again?

What is a nation's commerce
Purchased with life?
Half of its promised manhood
Lost in the strife!

AT MARNE.

Perhaps the cup of water borne
To him who fell as foe
Upon the battle-field of Marne
A month or two ago
Was given in the name of Man
And not the name of Christ;
But, sever from the gift, who can,
The life he sacrificed.

STRENGTH.

"We are strong," say the threatening gods of war,
Deeming the world at their feet;
And there in the fields where miracles are
Is the push of growing wheat!

"We are strong," say the lordly sons of men,
Fast-sailing outside the bars;
And over their heads and beyond their ken
Is the march of still, sure stars!

"We are strong," say the masters, Greed and Power,
As they crowd the sore oppressed;
And Truth and Right and Justice tower
Aflame in the human breast!

Whatever the might of nations may be,
Whatever the Master's plan,
Resistless as Life in the great-space-sea
Come the sovereign Rights of Man!

Let love of country lift on high
As reverent as a prayer

God give us patriots to match the stars
That light its field of blue

THE RED, RED ROSE.

O, shaken rose!
O rose whose blood-red petals fall
In sudden scarlet flame
O'er Europe's breast today!
O petals fed with blood,
The life-blood of a million sons of men!
O cruel heart of hidden yellow gold!
O slim starved avenue of life,—
Life, free, and large, and myriad!
O slender stem that sucked with such great pain
Its meagre fill of God!
When will the soil which holds your failing root
Grow sick and cast it forth?
Shall Truth not flower,
And bloom of heaven possess the earth?
Shall justice not attain the loyalty of men,
And might acknowledge sovereignty of right?
There is a blossom at the heart of things;—
All life unfolding unto God,
And this shall drop your scarlet into gray
And scatter you in ashes by the way,
O red, red rose!
May, 1915.

A PRAYER.

Thou art, O God, the primal Mother-heart.
Great tenderness can trace its right to be
Across the mighty aeons back to thee
So wide the gates of vision draw apart.

As from a softened sky the dim stars start
Let gentle truth rise from the dusky sea,
Or drop from sighing winds or sweep the lea
In kiss of melting snow, man's way to chart.

'Tis thy compulsion in the souls of men
That shapes the larger destinies of all;
Let monarchs crowned with care, heed thy still call,
And nations band in brotherhood again.

O bring us forth to peace on every shore
Teach us to love; LET THERE BE WAR NO MORE.
Nov., 1914.

NEUTRALITY.

Behold the billows run like waving hair
That strays far up the land, or whips the beach
With little wisps of sound, to mingle each
Long silver strand with threads of sunshine fair,
And tempt the souls of men. It is a snare
For those who worship strength; you cannot teach
The heart to fear when days like this beseech
The lured to come and every danger share.
But underneath the calm, the wrestler waits
To test the race; to twist the fear of all
Into a traitor's horn and sound a call
That strength can not resist; men tempt the fates
And do great deeds; so o'er the mighty sea
God giveth them almost the mastery.
Jan., 1915.

THE APPROACH.

O cruel Pain, crush not my aching heart!
This battlefield has been resigned to Death;
All anguish and dismay have drawn apart.
The last to die has yielded up his breath.

Loose your hard grip and let me search this ground
O'er which the hurricane of war has passed
Until the face of my strong son is found;
It would be noble to the very last.

The mimic marble of that human clay
Must tempt the rosy fingers of the dawn;
Release me, Pain, and let me go my way
Ere yet Night's tears from his white brow are gone.

How is it I can wait until the blue
Has deepened to the edges of the sky?
My feet refuse to take the road anew
With him, my son, my strong son, lying nigh.

Pain sucks my courage, sucks it as a wine;
I sink to Mother-Earth and clutch her breast.
I rise and search the heavens for a sign;
The light of day is on the mountain crest,

Then lo, far off there comes a winging bird
As if the ether oped to let it through,
And all the wild depths of my soul are stirred
By ghastly dreams that haunt me, coming true.

Now you, O Pain, have done your last and worst;
The vulture sweeps across my path to him;
Our earth is lost in chaos, as at first
And outraged heaven is far away, and dim!

What can war give to take my strong son's place?
When will this awful crime of nations cease?
God made us one; we are the human race;
And these, our agonies, are prayers for peace!
1915.

A SHADOWY COURT.

In eagle flight the bird-craft ride the air,
Their ruthless talons set to rend a foe;
Strange schools of craft infest the sea below
To spread fresh terror in the deep; the blare
Of war is over land and main; aware
The great world waits new horrors; blow for blow
Mad nations strike, until the cup of woe
The human race must drink brims everywhere
With tragic ill; yet through this monstrous din
There comes the strength of silence, and a dream
That haunts the people still: a vision thin
The picture of a Court where just men seem
To settle all; beyond this, where we kneel
The Bar of God, our Court of Last Appeal.

After her long beautiful life of service, we find these lines at the end of her scrap-book:

Peace in the light of sunset,
Peace to each heart that grieves,
And a drift of days as fragrant
As a bed of autumn leaves.
1915. HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

Abt Vogler. —*Robert Browning.*

Inter-America

A New Monthly Magazine Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, N. Y.

International misunderstandings are all too frequently the product of inability of the public to understand the language, and hence the points of view of the other parties to the disputes. We can't all speak one language so the difficulty cannot be entirely removed, but anything which makes it easier for the members of the family of nations to understand each other is welcome indeed.

Such an agency is the new monthly, *Inter-America,* the first number of which appeared on May 1, 1917. Its object is to foster the community of interests of the reading public of both American continents—an end not to be achieved by forcing the ideas of both into an "international language," but by presenting the leading current discussions of matters of public interest to the people of the other continent by means of translation. One month the most important American articles appearing originally in Spanish and Portuguese will be reprinted in English, the next the leading English discussions will appear in a Spanish edition. "*Inter-America* will thus come to be an organ of intellectual transfusion between Americans who speak different languages."

All those who are interested in constructive work for the promotion of peace by lessening the opportunities for misunderstanding will welcome this attempt to open for the leaders of public opinion in both continents the ideas of both. Careful choice of the articles to be published can make this an agency which by the contrasted view points presented will not fail to be met by a large demand and an increasing influence.

It is to be hoped that the editors may find it possible to include not only those discussions of general principles which by their synthesis of a wide range of facts show the fundamental unity of interest of the peoples of the new world, but that they may also include the serious discussions of the controversial matters which on occasion will agitate public opinion in both continents.

Good understanding is not brought by closing our eyes to our points of difference, but by a sharp but frank clash of opinion preceding adjustments by reasonable compromise. It would of course be inadvisable to open the pages of such a magazine to the diatribes which too often appear in all countries to stir the local patriotism; but a frank confronting of the issue as the other party sees it, will often induce the adoption of a less categorical attitude by the public than is possible when all the argument presented is *ex parte*. If we are to understand each other better, we need to discuss our points of difference as well as the things on which we are already of one opinion.

At the present moment, for example, we need a concise, trenchant statement of both sides of the case against Nicaragua decided by the Central American Court of Justice, especially since by dictum at least the opinion cast doubt upon the propriety of our treaty recently concluded. We need a good statement of the Columbian point of view concerning our proposed treaty and a discussion of the attitude of the South American Republics in the war.

There will be included, as is shown by the first number, selected articles on economic lines, discussions of civic advancement, sociology, history, religion, and the fine arts. The selection of the first number is representative of the best standards of American contemporary journalism, and gives earnest of the adoption of an editorial policy which should assure the magazine a wide popularity. The wideness of the range of choice is only an indication of the wideness of the field in which better appreciation of each other may be cultivated among the American peoples.

University of Wisconsin.

CHESTER LLOYD JONES.

Yet Not Alone!

Often it is asked, "What is it that makes me feel so lonely? Frequently it seems as if there were none in the whole world for me to be really at home with." Nor is this revelation of loneliness confined to those who are mostly separated from their fellow-beings, or who perchance remember overt acts which naturally lead to a vivid and persistent feeling of detachment. The maiden in her virginal sweetness, the boy looking most nobly forward, the man who has tactfully and wholesomely achieved, the mother with her prosperous little flock, these, as well as the obviously disappointed, the afflicted, the degraded, are as apt to express themselves similarly, and so often that one is almost forced to the conviction that there is indeed an impassable gulf between every human individuality and every other one this side the grave.

Seemingly, Professor Josiah Royce would have explained this by saying that, just because of the "uniqueness" which necessarily enters into the differentiation of an individuality from every other, the consciousness of being alone arises, and remains more or less vivid, according to the extent of the uniqueness involved. That the feeling of loneliness differs in different people irrespective of the sort of life they actually live would seem in a way to support this view.

At any rate, the feeling of detachment and loneliness does constitute a serious fact of human experience, one that is the source of so much misery that nothing too great can be attempted to alleviate it, especially by those who have learned something of its real significance and still have the heart to try to offer the balm so evidently needed.

The origin of the spirit's deep and abiding loneliness would seem to be this: In the growth of our own unique individuality, the particular Self elements have so outstripped the growth of the universal characteristics, and this makes it necessary for the latter to be cultivated and vividly realized before the fact of separateness and all its concomitant feeling of loneliness can disappear. It is indeed the undue persistence of the as yet not fully developed personality that stands in the way of comforting fellowship; it is the arrest of development at just the point where the primary *ego* is about to give way to the secondary *alter* that is chiefly to be seen; it is, in fact, the individuality still buried in its natural matrix of selfish predilections and propensities, with little or no vision beyond the present hour. Hence, the never ceasing need, in fact the imperative need, that each human spirit shall find some means by which it can emerge from its cluttered and cumbered sphere of detached selfhood into one of realized companionship, the one in which love for everyone as well as for particular

individuals shall prevail; in which the giving of service rather than the receiving of it, the bearing of burdens without complaint or un-cheer, the being all possible in order to be more to everybody else, the carrying of sympathy rather than the demanding of it—into the sphere, in fact, where all this shall become supremely the law of life and of growth and of undying realization.

As to the way this emergency from loneliness into satisfying companionship is to be effected, there is but one way that has yet proven to be entirely of value. This is the straight and narrow way of persistent idealistic endeavor to keep before one's mind as constantly as possible, and with a determined purpose to realize that cannot be thwarted, just that kind of completed Self that one really wants to be, until eventually the whole inner being constructively responds and realizes the desired end upon which attention has been so definitely and so determinedly fixed. This is the idealizing process of emancipation upon which every lonely spirit may confidently rely as being of primary and permanent use.

Then, the primary idealizing process of projecting the lonely spirit upon its satisfactory way, may be helped unmeasurably by an equally persistent cultivation of an everyday acquaintance with all that is humanly best. Quite commonly everything has conspired to promote the opposite from what is wanted. Practical life, especially its rivalries and conflicts, usually serves but to strengthen the feeling of loneliness, rather than the reverse. Hence to find a way to neutralize and overcome this, every opportunity of legitimate approach to our fellows should be recognized and cultivated. The feeling of loneliness can seldom persist against the influence of a vividly conscious ideal of true fellowship, supported by legitimate attempts to practice what we crave, whenever possible. Perfect love of our fellows casteth out loneliness as well as fear; and purposive advance of the right sort helps immeasurably.

Here then is the preparation for the revelation of the full meaning of the choice companionship in the Father's world which most of us so pathetically need. Really to let the "imprisoned splendor" of our deeper, nobler, sweeter, ideal-loving, abiding Selves, fully to emerge from their graves in the midst of their materiality, their weight of woe, their unfaith, their painful hopelessness—freely to let our souls rise up in majesty to meet the Great Soul in all its own graciousness, this it is which finally will attach us so firmly to the Universal Household, that our natural loneliness will be resolved and dissipated even in the companionship of those who love God with all their mind and heart and their neighbor as themselves.

Reliance upon anything else than this divine way of emergence from the immature, or decrepit, or painful, into the satisfying consciousness of growth toward maturity and of fullness of worth and grace, is for the lonely soul simply putting off the hour of blessed realization uselessly. It is the divine privilege of everyone who is at all normal to find this appointed way out from the dark tomb of persistent loneliness, into the sunlight of universal recognition and companionship. It is likewise the divine privilege of all to show to the world that, having found this glorious way, we would have every soul that still feels detached and lonely also walk therein, even up from its darkness into the Light. In this is the truth, in this is the way, in this is the Life, that assuages where all else fails. The lonely spirit finds just here, too, that it can affirm as its very own even in the midst of all that appears to be otherwise, *Yet, I am not alone!*

Camden, N. Y. SMITH BAKER, M. D.

A Call for Statesmanship

To the Editor of UNITY:

While a large part of world activity seems to be the systematic creation of misery and the palliation of that misery. H. G. Wells asserts: "The vast burden of the combatants is not really producing any remedial mental action at all and will not do so unless we get much more thoroughly to work on the thinking out process." Next week a little conference will be held near New York to consider the foreign relations of the United States. No subject could be more opportune. The names of Chas. E. Hughes, Henry Morgenthau, and Oswald G. Villard are among the seven eminent men who have signed the invitation. Miss Jane Addams is one of the promised guests; evidently there will be varied elements and "the thinking out process" for these Americans at least will not wait until we have half-muddled through a war that may remain a stalemate.

As the awful expenditure of money and energy advances day by day, sober minds are asking the meaning of a war which the *New Republic* declares has become almost exclusively a matter of comparative attrition. The editorials in the issue of May 19, on "Greater Than Victory" and "Competitive Annihilation," should be read by all who dare to face the actual, solemn facts. These claim that unless Russia can wage effective war, "The war certainly can not be won by armies. . . . The final victory must be won by diplomacy. . . . The submission of terms of peace which would have a fair chance of acceptance by eastern Europe as a prospectively permanent settlement would be worth more to the cause of the Allies than another two millions of trained soldiers and a new fleet of merchant shipping." Said a former cabinet officer, Mr. Walter Fisher, but a few days since: "The presentation by the allied powers with the support of the United States and perhaps the neutral nations, of a plan of international reorganization would be worth more than millions of men on the fighting lines in France." Both writers agree that such statements would powerfully affect the public sentiment of the Central Powers. "Let the Allies," says the *New Republic,* "abandon their past insistence upon an absolute military decision as a condition of peace and the result will be a rapidly progressive diminution of the military morale of Central Europe." It maintains that the initiative should come from President Wilson, as our entrance into the war proves "our willingness to participate in the guaranties for a supernational political and economic organization." He should now take up with Great Britain, France and Italy "the question of a new and more explicit definition of peace terms." The editor fails to see how the situation can be saved "unless Mr. Wilson seeks for a peace by means of diplomacy, irrespective of a military decision and based on an organization for joint security, while at the same time . . even intensifying his preparations for fighting. Such a settlement can not be achieved merely by working for

victory. Victory itself can best be obtained by working for the settlement."

The latest telegram from Petrograd declares that it is "necessary that the Allies should revise their war objects as stated in the reply to President Wilson" (Jan. 10).

Evidently the world's salvation depends far more on statesmanship at this juncture than it does on money, munitions or men.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Boston, May 22.

"The World's Greatest Heresy"

The thought uppermost in our minds today is the war. Do you know how that disaster might, among other ways, be conceived? One might conceive it in terms of a magic lantern, the frightful occurrences of the war corresponding to the picture of the screen. But there is no picture on the screen unless, far back behind the dark in the shaft of the lantern, there is a slide. The heart of every individual man and woman in the world contains the slide. The hideous war is only an eject and an enlargement of something that all of us carry in our bosoms.

If anger, resentment, vindictiveness, passion did not exist in the soul of the individual, there would be no Zeppelins or howitzers or torpedoes in air and earth and sea. If, in our personal life, reason were always and passion were never the sovereign, there could be no international death grapple. . . . .

The world's greatest heresy is not any of the so-called heresies which used to be and still are persecuted. It is something else. It is that notion that the average man rarely challenges but against which the saints and sages of all generations and all climes have protested—the notion, namely, that you can make things less disagreeable for yourself by making them more disagreeable for the people who displease you. We deck the notion out with a gaudy wardrobe of fine phrases such as "standing up for our rights," or "for *the* right," "giving people what they deserve," "curbing evil doers," etc. But it all amounts to the presupposition that the only way to get people to act as you wish them to is to frighten them and that we are sure to frighten them when we do or threaten disagreeable things; and, in spite of the constant and clamorous refutations of experience, to this crude notion we cling.

That which is happening in Europe is the full blown fruit. The seed, the germ, lies in our own hearts, in every stirring of anger, resentment, vindictiveness that comes to us as soon as somebody happens to do something that may happen to dislike.

From an address delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary celebration of the Free Synagogue, April 22, 1917, by Rabbi Abraham.

All patriotic Americans, all who believe that America has a mission and a great message of democracy to give to the world, should enroll themselves in defence of America's freedom and democratic institutions, presenting a united front against this attempt to militarize the whole American people.

George Nasmyth.

From an Address, "Conscription vs. Democracy."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XVII.

John Murray	1741-1815
Hosea Ballou	1771-1852
Elias Hicks	1748-1830
Lucretia Mott	1793-1880

"We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected."

From Universalist "Profession of Faith," 1803.

The story today is that of the liberal forces that worked in America, following in the wake of Servetus and the Socinii, Francis David and others. Unitarianism and Universalism were contemporary heresies in New England. Unitarianism delighted in a galaxy of brilliant names; those of William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker enshrined in a halo of such splendor that others have been obscured by their brilliancy. But there were many others and many of them represented the "blue blood" of Beacon Hill. Whatever was associated with culture, whether in art, music, literature or letters, belonged pretty safely to the Unitarian cult; a justification of what our friend Dr. Willett said recently that Unitarian influence on American thought, life and letters is entirely out of proportion to its numerical strength. The smallest of the denominations as listed is probably the tallest in the cultural life of the United States. Channing took up the question of religion from the standpoint of culture and thought; the early Universalists, Murray and Ballou, faced the problem from the standpoint of the Bible and clear, common sense. They came to the same conclusion and now occupy the same field.

John Murray is one of the most romantic figures in the history of American thought. So romantic is his autobiography that it borders on the weird and incredible. He was born in Alton, England, the son of an Episcopal father and a Presbyterian mother, and brought up in the Episcopal Church. While still a boy the family moved to Cork, Ireland, and lived there until John was well along in his teens. The father was a severely virtuous man and ruled John with a heavy hand. During these early days the mother and son, and perhaps the father, came under the influence of John Wesley and submitted themselves to the enthusiastic regime of Whitfield. After his father's death Murray returned to England, an ardent Methodist. At that time "Rellyism" was disturbing England, a crude kind of Universalism. James Relly, the originator, preached universal salvation. Murray did his best to check this heresy but fell himself into its toils and became a convert to

some kind of an interpretation of the Divine Will and purpose that excluded John Calvin's five points.

Meanwhile the death of his wife and one-year-old son left him forlorn and dispirited. Out of his despair and loneliness he concluded to go to the New World and live his life out in quiet and silence. On the eve of the Revolution the ship came within hailing distance of New York and it was decided to put in at Philadelphia. The cargo was there put off and the ship started again for New York. Through a misunderstanding of the distance, they found themselves dangerously near the Rhode Island shore and in the fog narrowly escaped being broken on the rocks. In his book Murray has given a graphic description of the landing at Good Luck, how in his search for fish and supplies to take back to the ship he met one Potter, a prosperous settler who had been a sailor, and who, although he could not read, had reconstructed his thought of the Almighty, had thrown over all the creeds and believed that God was stronger than Satan. He had built a church for the kind of religion he wanted and had made up his mind that the preacher was on board that ship. Murray after much hesitation consented to preach, his worshippers came from far and wide to listen to his initial sermon. From this incident Universalists date their beginning. Murray there planted the seeds of Universalism and his death closed a successful ministerial career.

Hosea Ballou, the other "Father of Universalism," was the youngest child of a Baptist minister who had eleven children, eight of them boys. The Rev. Maturin Ballou settled in Richmond, Vt., when it was almost a wilderness. The family grew up in poverty and he was unable to give his children much schooling. Hosea was nineteen years old before he went to school but worked hard with his books and by his own efforts succeeded in spending one term in a small academy. He early ran into Murrayism and Rellyism, began to distrust the doctrine of the atonement and hell, thereby giving trouble to his neighbors and his father.

On one occasion his father found him bent over a book which on being asked what it was, he said it was a Universalist book. His father forbade the book being taken into the house and Hosea hid it in the woodpile. His father's curiosity was too much for him, he waited for an opportunity to catch a glimpse of it and found it to be the Bible. In the Bible itself Hosea found the doctrine clearly stated. He differed in theology from Murray in that he believed that there would be no future punishment. This doctrine proved more popular than Murray's, and Ballou, taking on culture by the way, started many churches. He finally started the second Universalist Church in Boston, where he had a notable career of thirty-five years, doing everything that a religious agitator and leader could do, lecturing, preaching, editing, etc., particularly in debating. Universalism grew on debate.

The story of Ballou has been told by his contemporary, Oscar F. Safford, a Universalist minister of Boston, in very entertaining fashion. After Ballou there came a line of colleagues and assistants all of them big men in their way, Whittemore, Paige, Boyden, Chapin, Miner, and others. One chapter of Safford's book, entitled "In Trials," contains many amusing incidents.

We must make room for two more personalities who exerted a mighty influence in freeing the mind of the American people and refining the theology of our country and our generation, which by virtue of our partial training we are always in danger of forgetting or overlooking. There are two great names among the Quakers who have immensely influenced not only Pennsylvania but all America; Elias Hicks and Lucretia Mott. George Fox, William Penn and kindred Quakers would be found on the orthodox side of the line but Hicks and Mott are names to conjure by.

Elias Hicks, a common barn building carpenter, himself at one time a slave owner, started on a life career to fight slavery. In fighting slavery he found himself compelled to fight two kinds of conservatism, religious and political. He had to strike for his independence and found himself out of joint with the orthodox Quaker Friends, in dangerous intimacy, and ultimately in practical alliance with the Unitarian side of the matter. The Hicksites divided Philadelphia just about as Channing divided Boston. The progressive young Quakers, profoundly interested in reforms, particularly in anti-slavery and temperance, found themselves following Elias Hicks, and in great danger of being read out of the church, as many of them were. Quite unintentionally Hicks found himself at the head of a beautiful movement out of the narrow into a breadth in the interest of Universality.

Perhaps the biggest "man" of them all is Lucretia Mott. James Mott, her husband, in his own character could have made a record and place for himself had he not been overshadowed by the brilliancy of his wife. However, the ripe, sweet and kind husband was perfectly willing to play second fiddle. Read their story in the "Life and Letters of James and Lucretia Mott," edited by their granddaughter and published by Houghton-Mifflin.

Judging by her shadow and influence Lucretia Mott is the second greatest woman in American history, the greatest being Harriet Beecher Stowe, who compelled civilization to take note of slavery. Lucretia Mott stood for everything that Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton stood for with a plus. She was ever ready to testify to her spiritual convictions, to plead for a spiritual interpretation of life and an organized religion.

Channing stated in philosophical and cultural sentences the fundamentals of the doctrines of brotherhood, the solidarity of the race. These truths the early Universalists, John Murray and Hosea Ballou, asserted by virtue of Bible texts, and their fundamental contentions were carried into actual service by the long line represented by Elias Hicks and Lucretia Mott.

QUESTIONS.

(1). What has been said of Unitarian influence on American life and letters?

(2). Tell the romantic story of Murray's first pastorate with its results.

(3). Give a five sentence sketch of Hosea Ballou.

(4). From what sect did Elias Hicks grow into Universality?

(5). What was Lucretia Mott's service to humanity? Give her dates.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

NEW YORK CLERGYMEN PETITION

Convictions against war, however, for religious or other conscientious reasons are no longer confined to the Society of Friends, as shown by the imprisonment of 4,000 men in Great Britain during the past year because their principles would not allow them to bear arms or otherwise aid in the conduct of war. Many of these men, indeed, are Quakers who have refused to take advantage of an exemption denied to fellow objectors outside their society.

If, therefore, we, as Americans, wish to preserve inviolate our constitutional provision for freedom of religious practice, and, if we desire the United States to stand for liberty of conscience even for these persons who profess no religious creed, it is imperative that exemption from all direct or indirect participation in war be granted to all persons who may be adjudged by civil tribunals to be "conscientious objectors" to military service.

We, the undersigned ministers of religion, urge that this exemption be granted. We request the press to advocate such exemption in its columns, and ask that, before the army bill is brought to a vote at the end of this week, all upholders of freedom of conscience will telegraph or write their protest to congressmen and senators.

(Signed)

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE,
Greenwich Presbyterian Church.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,
Church of the Messiah.

JOHN H. LATHROP,
Church of the Savior.

DANIEL HOFFMAN MARTIN,
Fort Washington Presbyterian Church.

ERROL PECKHAM,
Friends' Church.

NORMAN THOMAS,
East Harlem Presbyterian Church.

"In March, 1915, the J. P. Morgan interests, the steel, shipbuilding and powder interests and their subsidiary organizations, got together twelve men high up in the newspaper world and employed them to select the most influential newspapers in the United States and sufficient number of them to control generally the policy of the daily press of the United States.

"These twelve men worked the problem out by selecting 179 newspapers and then began, by an elimination process, to retain only those necessary for the purpose of controlling the general policy of the daily press throughout the country. They found it was only necessary to purchase the control of twenty-five of the greatest papers. The twenty-five papers were agreed upon; emissaries were sent to purchase the policy, national and international, of these papers; an agreement was reached; the policy of the papers was bought, to be paid for by the month; an editor was furnished for each paper to properly supervise and edit information regarding the questions of preparedness, militarism, financial policies, and other things of national and international nature considered vital to the interests of the purchasers.

"This contract is in existence at the present time, and it accounts for the news columns of the daily press of the country being filled with all sorts of preparedness arguments and misrepresentations as to the present condition of the U. S. army and navy, and the possibility and probability of the United States being attacked by foreign foes."

Oscar Callaway, Congressman from Texas, pp. 3320-3321, Congres. Record, Feb. 9, 1917.

CONFIRMATION CLASS ALUMNI

The Confirmation Class Alumni of All Souls Church held its twenty-eighth annual banquet at Lincoln Centre on Friday evening, May 25th. After the dinner which was arranged and served by Miss Helen Higbie and her assistants from among the alumni, the following program was given:

Song of Greeting—1890.
President's Address—Helen Johnson.
Secretary-Treasurer's Report—Dorothy Hyman.
Welcome to the Class of 1917—Moritz Loeb.
Response—Muriel Morris.
Original Poem—Russia—John Main.
Song.
Address—The International Hobo College—Mr. Irwin St. John Tucker.
Piano Solo—Helen Nagely.
Our Guests—Mrs. Adelsperger.
Our Friend and Pastor—Mr. Jones.
Song—The Crowning Day.
Benediction.

The secretary reported that of approximately 180 questionaires sent out to alumni only 39 had been returned. Of the 39 who answered 14 were married and there were 15 children amongst them. Seven members reported themselves to be housewives and the remainder held various positions, including teaching and banking. Ten were college graduates. We were sorry not to have heard from more members. It is not yet too late to send answers to those interesting questionaires. Any missing or corrected addresses which can be supplied will also be gladly received.

The guest of the evening was Mr. Irwin St. John Tucker, whose talk on "The International Hobo College," was most absorbing. This "Hobo College," of which Mr. Tucker is president, is an organization of men in the fields in the spring, summer, and autumn, but who can find no regular work in winter. Membership in the college is restricted to this highest type of hoboes, among whom there is great intellectual interest and ability, according to Mr. Tucker.

Mr. Jones gave us his usual kindly greeting and spoke to us of two friends of the alumni, Mr. Apmadoc, who has died within the year, and Miss Ogden, who is very ill. After singing "The Crowning Day," and hearing the Benediction, we adjourned after what was unanimously declared a remarkably interesting meeting.

The new officers elected are:

President—Moritz Loeb.
Vice-President—John Bailey.
Secretary-Treasurer—Amy Foster.

H. J.

Pittsburgh has lost an important worker in the resignation of Dr. Charles E. Snyder, pastor of the North Side Unitarian Church. Mr. Snyder's ministry has made him a great citizen. Civic Federation, Academy of Sciences and Art, Pennsylvania Milk and Ice Association, Pennsylvania Land Site Taxing League, Housing Associations, Single Tax Clubs and kindred activities are losing an active officer in his departure. But what Pittsburgh loses, Sioux City, Iowa gains. Mr. Snyder will find a parish there trained to high work by a long line of efficient pastors, prominent of whom were Miss Mary S. and Miss Eleanor Gordon. The UNITY fellowship, which reaches from Pittsburgh to Sioux City and beyond, holds Mr. Snyder in cordial fellowship at either end of the line.

LITTLE SAUSAGES

SAUSAGE MEAT
(Costs Less)

HAMS, Sugar Cured
Green Hickory Smoked

BACON, Sugar Cured Green Hickory Smoked

LARD (Extra Dry) MAPLE SUGAR

THIRTIETH SEASON

JONES DAIRY FARM FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

A NEW BOOK

Songs of the Soul

Fifty Original Hymns and Tunes
By A. IRVINE INNES

A work which deserves the attention of lovers of sacred poetry and music, more especially churches and their singers. 50 cents net.

C. W. THOMPSON & CO.
2 B Park Street - Boston, Mass.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your job will be set right and printed right at the

OAKLAND PRINTING SHOP

743 E. 39th Street
Phone Kenwood 6535

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.

Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

DREXEL Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 5-1288

4051 Drexel Blvd.

Pierce Arrow, Packard and Stearns

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

Our Rates Lowest in Chicago

Let Us Hear from Lincoln Centre If It Pays to Advertise

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue